

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME OF POLITICS

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Politics is the great American game. It is played in every grade of life, and the stake may be the Presidency of the United States or the honor of being a delegate to a county convention. The game is the thing, and whether the stakes be high or low, your true American plays it to a finish. The results of the game are history and known to all men. The way the game is played makes footnotes to history.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, a politician of no small ability, was one of the two persons in the United States who went to the Democratic national convention in Chicago in 1896 in the belief that her husband would be nominated for President. The other person was William Jennings Bryan himself. He never lost faith, and was nominated. His wife wavered just once. After the great "cross of gold and thorns" speech had made Mr. Bryan the hero of the convention, there was the long day session devoted to nominating speeches. Then the convention adjourned until the next day without taking a ballot.

On the morning of July 7, when the nomination was made, Mrs. Bryan rode into the city with William R. Springer and Grey Woodson. The latter is now secretary of the national Democratic committee, and he was the first man to take up the Bryan boom in the convention before the great speech. Mr. Woodson said: "We will nominate him to-day." Mrs. Bryan sadly replied: "No, I think not. It could have been yesterday, but I fear it is too late. I have seen Mr. Bryan capture the galleries before and lose the delegates."

In Washington County, Va., there are two great parties—the Watermelons and the Anti-watermelons. The race question has nothing to do with it, as might be supposed from the names of the factions, nor is there any agricultural question involved. There was a county convention to nominate the county ticket. Nomination meant election. There were two cliques, headed by rival bosses. One of them captured the uncertain delegates and organized the convention. The other turned from oratory and persuasion to strategy. He bought a wagonload of watermelons, backed it up to the courthouse door, and yelled, "Free watermelons for everybody." The opposition delegates left the courthouse to free, but those of the other side who were posted stayed in their seats and nominated a ticket before the ruse was discovered. And thus two great parties were born.

Politicians have often found themselves in the soup, but it remained for an Ohio man, a late candidate, to get into the chop soup. In the campaign between Patton and Herlick for governor this man was one of several candidates who delivered nonpartisan speeches at a basket picnic and farmers' gathering at Four Corners, Ohio. He was speaking to farmers, and the "plum pumpkin" and the "yellow-legged" chicken were his themes. He contrasted the beautiful, independent life of the farmer with that of the more unfortunate dweller in the great city. His aid of his remarks to the New York Times how he had embarked on a rubber-neck wagon to see the town. "We went down, into the heart of the horrible city. We went down, down, into Chinatown, where the Orientals were living in their squalor. We went down, down, into the dives, where the opium smokers were reveling in their terrible debauches. My fellow-citizens, we went down, down, into the very chop suey itself."

The first ballot cast in the State of Illinois under the operation of the Australian ballot system was cast by a Democrat, a Virginian who had voted for Andrew Jackson for President, and who was ninety-three years old when the new law went into effect. It was in July, 1881, at Old Berlin, in Sangamon County, that a special election was held and the new system of secret balloting put to a test. The polls opened at 6 o'clock in the morning, and although a large crowd was waiting, no vote was cast until shortly after 11, when Col. Speers, who was a late sleeper, walked in and cast the first secret ballot in Illinois. The whole town had waited to give the precedence to its esteemed oldest inhabitant.

It was a South Dakota genius who shamed and humiliated a county convention of good and loyal Republicans by an old scabbard trick. He had long whiskers and a radical mind, and in 1892 he left the Republicans and allied himself with the Populists. Certain forms of radicalism were in vogue, and considered entirely polite in Sangamon County. A peace, were then thought to be quite rude. This South Dakota statesman stayed with the Populists until they were no more, and then he tried to get back into the Republican party. He tried again and again, but found the doors were closed to him.

Finally "the boys" agreed that he had been punished enough and they permitted him to be made a delegate to the convention. He managed to get himself on the committee on resolutions and he wrote the platform. The convention adopted it with a howl, and the chairman said it was the true doctrine of Republicanism as preached by Lincoln and McKinley and Roosevelt. Then the gentleman with the long whiskers and the populist career got up and solemnly proved to that convention, with the aid of a scabbard, that it had adopted the Omaha platform of the late Populist party. How "the sun do move!"

The intricate rules of parliamentary law have proved a stumbling block to many ambitious but ignorant politicians. A county chairman with not much wit nor learning was much annoyed by the superior skill of a parliamentary leader of the opposition. He became confused with the dilatory motions and points of order and cut the Gordian knot by shouting "All motions made here or hereafter by Dr. White are out of order."

A gentleman of color who was presiding over a certain county convention in a border State made a famous speech, in which he said: "What we don't want in this party is fractions. Fractions is hard fingerin' an' will sholy bring us down in sorrow an' white hair to de grave."

While the trend of the times is toward more personal politics, in the old days it was always the party, the party, the party. That made joint debates more entertaining. A certain mountain Congressional district that was always strongly Republican had a Congressman who was known as a wonder on the stump. Although the Democrats had no chance of election, they, too, had a famous orator,

small of sulphur, and the devil was gone. The orator sat down amid a thunder of applause from his partisans. The Democratic war horse then took the stump. He said: "My friends, I have no doubt that my learned opponent has told you the truth. I believe he met the devil and that the incident between them occurred just as he described it. And I am glad he asked Old Nick that question about the Democratic party, for it was sure to stump him. I am glad for my friend that he did not ask what were the principles of the Republican party, for then the devil would have said: 'Come with me. The answer is easy, for I formed that party myself, and have been running it ever since its organization.'"

Hoke Smith, sometime Secretary of the Interior, and the recently chosen governor of Georgia, is a churchman, and his influence has been greatly felt in religious matters in his State. In his memorable campaign for the gubernatorial nomination the church was naturally not the upmost subject in his mind. But it helped him just the same. He went into the mountain counties of Northern Georgia, and at one place his speech was continually interrupted by the yells of a drunken man. He was told not to pay any attention to "Bad Bill." But after the speaking was over he met Bill, and asked him about his family. Bill had progressed to the pathetic stage, and he wept as he told of his five children growing up in ignorance in the hills, and he said they had never seen the Bible. When Mr. Smith went back to Atlanta he sent a handsome copy of the Bible to "Bad Bill." When election day came around Bill proved his appreciation by sending in the mountain returns solid for Smith.

To-morrow—The Jews in America.

MARRYING HETTY OFF

BY JAMES LEWIS.

Supper had been eaten, the dishes washed and the cows milked, and the milk strained. Farmer Johnson and his wife sat on the piazza and looked up and down the dusty highway. They had sat for ten minutes without speaking, when the husband cleared his throat and said:

"Ma, I've been thinking for the last three or four days."

"Yes, I s'pose a person has to think sometimes," she replied.

"But I've been thinking about my Hetty. She's purty big twenty years old, ain't she?"

"Yes."

"She's purty good-looking and purty smart."

"Yes; she takes after me in those things."

"But she don't get married. All the other gals around here are stepping off, but she don't seem to have no feller."

"I did think up to a month ago, that she and that feller from town named Watterson was going to make a match of it, but it seems she's stuck up her nose at him."

"I'm kinder feeling that it's my duty to have a serious talk with her."

"Then you throw your feelings right over the fence," replied the wife in decisive tones. "Hetty ain't going to throw herself at no man's head. As for Mr. Watterson, he got mixed about something and quit coming here, and he can stay miffed for all we care. I don't see no great rush about her getting married."

The husband and father didn't want to throw her over the fence, but he felt that her last but not least dollar, and her last dress eighteen, and that in the fall she would want a cloak costing at least fifteen, but his wife knew him to be a close man. What he remarked when he got ready to say anything further was:

"There'd be room right here in the house for her and her husband, if she had one. I'd give him his rent if he'd milk and chore around, and I'd make their board purty reasonable. If you told her so, perhaps it would encourage her."

"Samuel, am I Hetty's mother or not?" asked the wife.

"You are her mother, of course."

"Then you leave things to me, and don't worry yourself any more. When a girl's mother don't know what is best for her, her father needn't try."

He sighed and groaned and grunted, and said the wind would probably change to the east by midnight, and reluctantly dropped the subject. Two days later he came home from the village, where he had been to buy a griststone, and his face wore a broad smile as he entered the house after putting up his team. He whispered to his wife:

"Say, now, but what d'ye s'pose has happened?"

"Nothin' earthquake nowhere?"

"Nope. I've found a husband for Hetty."

"Samuel Johnson, what did I tell you 'tother evening' exclaimed the wife, as she trimmed off the edges of a pie crust. "Well, you see, it was this way. When I was buying that griststone in the hardware store there was a wire-fence man there, and when he found out where I lived he said he was coming into this neighborhood to put up some fencing for Lester. He offered me four dollars for a week's board, and I told him to come along."

"Well, what's going to happen if he comes?"

"Marriage, ma—love and marriage. Say, Hetty can't help but fall in love with him. He's got two watchchains, wears

tan shoes, and talks the biggest words you ever heard. He's a hero, even if he ain't a millionaire. Don't say nothing to Hetty. I want to take her sudden like. I didn't say nothing to him about her, and he'll be taken suddenly. When you see 'em standing up to be married you'll allow I know a thing or two after all."

"A day later the 'hero' came. Hetty had been posted by her mother and wasn't a bit surprised. Besides, having two watchchains, the stranger had a heap of nerve, and he wasn't astonished. Farmer Johnson made him one of the family at once, but the women folks were only barely civil. It transpired after a couple of days that Mr. Meeker, as the wire-fence man called himself, was actually a hero. He had killed a mad dog and shot at a thief. As he slyly showed the farmer a \$50 bill, there was no room to doubt that he was a millionaire as well. At the end of a week his job at Lester's was finished, but he said he thought he would take a rest from his tremendous struggles, so he had paid another week's board."

"Didn't I tell you so?" whispered the farmer in his wife's ear. "I tell you he's stuck on our Hetty, and if she gives him half a chance he's going to marry her within a week. Just think of having a millionaire and hero for a son-in-law! I could probably get the whole farm fenced at half cost. Can't we manage to leave him to stay on and milk the cow?"

"Couldn't you manage to 'tend to your own affairs if you tried hard?" tartly replied the wife. "Samuel Johnson, I never saw that man answered her. Are you going to break out with bolts again?"

"But you ain't doing anything, and Hetty ain't doing anything, and so you see."

"I don't see nothing, except that Hetty wouldn't wipe her old shoes on no such man as this Meeker."

"You don't say so!" growled the father. "What on earth can the gal want?"

"She wants to be let alone."

Mr. Meeker stayed on for the third week. There was no doubt in any mind that he was seeking to make a favorable impression, but at least two minds doubted of his ability. It was near the end of the third week that Mrs. Johnson saw Mr. Watterson drive past the house for the first time since the "uff" she saw that he took notice of things out of the corner of his eye and seemed in no hurry to get out of sight. She knew that Hetty hadn't seen him, and with a look of childish innocence on her face she waited ten minutes and then said to the girl:

"Hetty, you remember that Mrs. Bascomb borrowed my best flannel last week and hasn't brought it back? Don't you want to take a walk down and bring it home? Tell her that I didn't have a quincy sore throat, as I thought I was going to have."

"Down there?" was three-quarters of a mile down to the next farmhouse. Hetty had dressed for the afternoon and looked as sweet as a peach, and as she set out the mother ran upstairs to the garret window, from whence she could survey every foot of her road. After one glance she halted in her head and said:

"Mr. Watterson has turned around and is coming back, and they are bound to take care of the rest."

She had not been downstairs ten minutes when things began to happen. The husband was working down in the turnip field, and Mr. Meeker had gone down an hour ago. All of a sudden the farmer came clumping in over the clean floor to exclaim:

"Well, ma, what'd I tell you? The hero and the millionaire wants to become our son-in-law. He's in love with Hetty, but he can't stay on, and with a little more he'll wipe the farm for half price, and he thinks he can get me \$50 off the price of a windmill. I've given my consent to the marriage, but he wants to know what you think of it."

The wife had her mouth open to reply when the knocker sounded on the front door, and a woman was in waiting to ask if Mr. Meeker was stopping there. The question had hardly been answered when a second and a third drove up, and the last announced that the wire-fence man was skating for the woods. Each of the three claimed him for her hero and millionaire husband, and all were talking at once and beating each other, when Hetty and Mr. Watterson quietly entered and the latter as quietly said:

"Mr. Johnson, I have the honor of asking your consent to my marriage with your daughter."

It was several hours later, when a calm had settled down and Farmer Johnson was doing the milking, that he muttered to himself:

"Ho, now, but what you about, you old, one-horned critter! Dang it, but I can't help but think of that 'ere Meeker, and that 'ere Watterson, and the three wives. There's another, but he's too big a fool to think of—and that's me, and if this infernal old cow don't stop switchin' her tail I'll chop it off with an ax!"

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The Overproduction of
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WE cannot tell you the maker's name—it's a trade secret. We can tell you, however, that every case in the lot bears the U. S. Government Assay Stamp—an absolute assurance of quality. The cases have been fitted with standard Elgin, Waltham, and R. Harris & Company movements. They came to us as a distinct bargain—we in turn offer them to you.

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| New thin-model 14kt. Solid Gold Open Face Watch; Elgin or Waltham movement. Regular price \$30. Sale price, one week \$19.20 | Ladies' 14kt. Solid Gold Hunting or Open Face American Watches; engraved. Worth \$25. Sale price, one week \$16.25 |
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DR. J. C. FERNALD LECTURES.
Traces Origin and History of English Language.

Dr. James C. Fernald, who has been conducting lecture-studies in English prose composition during the winter in the Y. M. C. A. Evening Institute, gave a lecture last evening in the assembly hall of the G street building on "The Origin and History of the English Language." Lecture-studies, supplemented with personal conferences, will be given every Thursday afternoon at 4:45, at the Association Institute lecture-room, and are open to the public. The course will include such subjects as "Anglo-Saxon Elements," "Latin, French, Greek, and Other Forms," "English Synonyms," "Antonyms," "Etymology as a Help to Style," "The Enlargement and Improvement of the Vocabulary," "Improvement of the Vocabulary—Slang and Cant," "Connections of English," "Figures of Speech," and "Studies of Eminent English Authors."

New Society Is Incorporated.
Papers for the incorporation of The Pennsylvania State Association were placed on record yesterday. The object of the organization is social promotion among the members. As incorporators and trustees appear James T. Dubois, Dr. S. D. Lamb, Mrs. Mary S. Parker, Edgar T. Brandenburg, Prof. R. G. Barnwell, R. Stuart Knapp, and William H. Bayly, all of this city.

Hon. J. Milton Turner to Speak.
Hon. J. Milton Turner, of St. Louis, Mo., will address the Sunday Lyceum at the Second Baptist Church, Third street northwest, between H and I streets, to-morrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Congressman Lloyd to Speak.
Hon. James T. Lloyd, Representative in Congress from Missouri, will speak in the Central Union Mission auditorium to-morrow evening at 7:30 o'clock.

AMUSEMENTS.
COLUMBIA
TO-NIGHT AT 8:15.
Matinee To-day at 2:15.
MAY IRWIN
IN A NEW COMEDY WITH MUSIC.
MRS. WILSON-ANDREWS,
BY GEORGE V. ROBERT.
Followed by George Ade's One-act Farce,
MRS. PECKHAM'S CAROUSE.

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And the entire New York Cast.
By HENRY M. BLOSSOM, Jr.
Author of the Yarns Comedy, "The Modiste,"
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TO-NIGHT, Matinee To-day
8:15 to 10:30
Independent of the Theatrical Trust.
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POLO
The best game of the season will be the feature in Polo-Roller circles.
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CAPITAL CITY TEAM.
No extra charge of admission.
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MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 3:30, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00 O'CLOCK.
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In a Return Engagement.
The one man who pleased thousands of Washington last spring.

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